

THE BIVVER

Saturday, November 11, 1871.



"Mother and son were soon engaged in earnest talk."

HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—LEAVING HOME.

ON leaving Harold, Lady Chadburn proceeded direct to the library, where she found Cyril occupied with letter-writing. He rose as she entered, and placed her a chair near his own.

Mother and son were soon engaged in earnest talk, during which neither remarked the passing of time, until they were suddenly roused by the violent ringing of a bell, which they guessed at

once was from the baronet's room. It was followed almost immediately by the appearance of a servant, with the message that "Sir Richard wanted to see Mr. Cyril directly."

Lady Chadburn looked inquiringly at her son, saying, nervously, "What can be the matter, Cyril?"

"Nothing to be alarmed at, mother; I think my father has talked more than usual to-day, and the excitement of this interview is sure to try him. I trust Harold has not overlooked my caution."

The young man's calmness was a study. He closed his blotting-pad over the note he had been writing, and locked it in a writing-desk, before he rose from his seat.

"Hasten, my dear Cyril, and let me know at once how you find your father."

"Certainly, mother, and if there is necessity I will send for you; but, in the meantime, don't allow yourself to get nervous."

As Cyril was leaving the room, his mother asked, "Where is Lucy?"

"Gone out for a ride. I don't know whether she has returned; it will be quite as well if she has not, for if Lucy got an idea that anything was the matter she would be sure to give way and make a scene. Emotional people are never good for anything in a crisis; and, allowing for difference of sex, I am afraid that Harold is too much like Lucy in that respect."

With this expression of his opinion, Cyril left the library, greatly to Lady Chadburn's relief. She had not her son's power of self-control, and found it difficult to restrain her impatience and anxiety to know if his hasty summons to the sick-room had anything to do with the interview between Harold and his father.

As Cyril ascended the stairs he heard another sharp ring of Sir Richard's bell, and quickened his steps, becoming anxious in his turn.

A few minutes earlier, and he would have been in time to see Harold pass hurriedly from his father's room. The brothers would have met face to face, and even Cyril might have been startled out of his self-possession by the sight of that white face, with set lips and clouded eyes, whose strange, blank gaze seemed to see nothing beyond what was passing in his own mind.

What had happened to work such a change in gay, easy-tempered Harold, whose bright, mobile face usually gave out only shifting lights and shadows? Some fierce wave of trouble must have swept over him to make Harold look like that. Was it a breach between him and his father—had it come to that at last? Meeting him then, Cyril might have been visited by some remorseful desire for the undoing of what he had himself helped to do—the work which had gone on through the passing years silently, slowly; little by little, stone upon stone, he had

done his part in the building up of a wall of division between his father and Harold, turning to his own account even the faults which he condemned with such Mentor-like severity.

But the brothers did not meet. When Cyril was leaving the library Harold had already reached his own room, and, locking the door with an air of desperate determination that was new to him, flung himself into the nearest chair to think over his position. He was no longer ignorant of his father's intentions with regard to his future, and the alteration to be made in the will. He had learned all in the interview which had just closed between them, in which Sir Richard, influenced by Cyril's artfully-worded hints, had put a restraint upon his feelings, consoling himself with the reflection that it was all for the good of the prodigal. The result was that the two had drifted still further apart, even while they were secretly yearning towards each other, the one as anxious to forgive as the other to be forgiven.

If Sir Richard could have suspected the double part that was being played by Cyril, and known the end for which he was working, in his well-affected zeal for his brother's good, he would not have allowed any motive to stand in the way of his reconciliation with Harold, nor would he have lost time in securing his worldly interests from the grasping covetousness of his elder son. But he did not know it, so events were suffered to drift on, and the chances of the day remained with Cyril. Yet Sir Richard was not satisfied with himself, nor the result of the interview; something seemed to say he had been too hard, and pushed matters too far. The thought kept troubling him, and he would murmur to himself, "I was as bad at his age, if not worse—I should have taken his word and forgiven him, for the poor lad looked almost heartbroken when I refused." Then he added, almost angrily, "I must see Cyril, and at once."

Harold sat some time with his head resting on his hands. His father had said right, he was nearly heartbroken; but as he sat there, thinking as he had rarely thought before in his light, purposeless life, a change was working in him, his better nature was roused, and life seemed to be taking new aspects for him, and the purpose which had flashed through his brain as he crossed the threshold of his father's room gradually lost its vagueness, and assumed definite form. At last he rose, like one suddenly rousing from a stupor, and thrust back the hair from his forehead; saying, in a tone that sounded strangely stern, so different was it to the usually laughing, merry-voiced Harold, "I have been dreaming, idling away my life; now for the reality."

His first proceeding was to open sundry drawers, and make rapid collections from their contents, then draw into the middle of the room a portmanteau, which he was soon packing with energy and business despatch, which told he was thoroughly in earnest.

At last all was finished, and he stood reviewing

his preparations, saying, "I must look over 'Bradshaw,' and see what train I can catch. Poynts will give me wine and sandwiches; but, no, I will not ask him, I can get what I want from the old lodge-keeper. Stay, I must not forget Lucy; I wish she had returned, but that is out of the question, for the Ainsworths are sure to detain her some little time. I'm sorry now that I asked her to call, as I shall not see her. I should like to have something of hers by me."

It took only a few minutes for him to steal into his sister's dressing-room, and hurriedly secure a small, gold-mounted scent-bottle, which was lying on her toilet-table. It was one which she constantly used, and her initials were engraved on the lid. In its place he left a tiny heart-shaped locket, which he had detached from his watch-chain. This he enclosed in a slip of paper, which he twisted into a three-cornered note; it contained a few words scribbled in pencil:

"Good-bye, dear Lucy; I have taken your favourite scent-bottle as a keepsake, keep the enclosed in remembrance of me. Take care of the old people, and bid them good-bye for me. I don't know when I shall see you again, for I am leaving home, perhaps for ever. Be kind to Snap while he lives."

When Lucy Chadburn went up to change her riding-habit, a solitary pedestrian, carrying his own portmanteau, passed through a little postern gate that led from the Chadburn grounds into a by-road.

He stopped a moment, and looked lingeringly back towards the house, of which a glimpse could just be caught through the trees. "I should like to know if the old man will miss me. God bless him!" With this benediction on his lips, and a suspicious moisture in his eyes, Harold Chadburn turned his back upon the home of his boyhood, feeling as if he had just taken his last farewell.

CHAPTER XVII.

"WILL THEY BE RIVALS?"

THE managing committee who had charge of the arrangements for the grand flower-show must have felt highly flattered by the result, which everything contributed to make a decided success. The gay scene was at its height, and the brilliant crowd was in the full tide of enjoyment, when the Chadburn carriage rolled up to the gate, setting down Cyril Chadburn, who handed out with much ceremony his mother and sister. Her ladyship's stately presence received, if that were possible, an accession of dignity from the costly dress that fell round her figure in graceful folds, its heavy richness relieved by a lace shawl that floated over it like a sable cloud. The toilet was in keeping with her age. There was no attempt at youthfulness, and no trying effects of colour. The unities were all well preserved, and everything was in perfect taste.

Cyril was proud of his mother's appearance, and of the attention she excited; it seemed to atone for

what was wanting in that of his meek-eyed sister, who was almost lost sight of in the matron's more imposing personality. Lucy looked like some pale little snowdrop, in her white dress, which was sadly in need of some relieving touch of colour, for her face was unusually pale that day; and it seemed to Cyril that she had grown smaller and slighter than ever. He decided that she was not looking her best; also that he did not admire her style, whatever beauty other people's judgment might find in it. Their arrival soon became known; it gratified Cyril's proud heart to know that they were local magnates whose presence could not have been well dispensed with, and who could not expect to come and go like the rest of the crowd. They had made the circuit of the smaller tents, and had just entered the large one, in which some of the choicer flowers were exhibited. The first that attracted them was a gorgeous mass of azaleas, that glowed out from the rest of the floral groups, a brilliant blaze of colour, that seemed to illuminate the place. Lucy had a taste for botany; admiration had made her animated, calling into her cheeks a flush that gave her beauty just the charm it had lacked, and considerably improved her appearance. She was calling her mother's attention to some exquisitely-beautiful specimen pelargoniums, and proving that, with all her timidity, she could talk, and talk well, on subjects that really interested her enough to call into exercise the mental powers, which were far above the average order to which her elder brother had assigned them. On that occasion Lucy's observations were very graciously received by Lady Chadburn, who listened with marked attention to her critical remarks, and smilingly endorsed some of the admiring epithets which her daughter bestowed on the flowers, now and then putting in a word that seemed to indicate on her part a wish to draw out the fair botanist.

"This day is going to be a treat," thought Lucy, with her face in a radiant glow. "Mamma is kind, and even Cyril seems disposed to be amiable. Then the flowers—I shall have so much to tell papa about them. He said he should enjoy my description better than coming here himself, but I rather doubt that."

At this moment Lady Chadburn's attention was suddenly claimed by a whisper from Cyril.

"Mother, do you know who are here?—the Applebys; a pretty strong family muster. There, they have recognised us, and are coming this way. There is the Honourable Gus, determined not to lose the meeting, and I think I understand the reason why."

The young man added this with a glance at his sister, whose face visibly lost some of its brightness when she caught the name of Appleby.

Lady Chadburn had only time to glance expressively at her son, and return his whisper—

"I am glad, for we shall have company—it is well that we chose to-day for our visit."

Cyril looked his concurrence with this sentiment; both he and his mother were quite ready to welcome their fashionable friends. Lucy hung regretfully over the pelargoniums. She knew that they had now lost all interest for her mother, who would not be able to spare any attention from the claims of the Appleby family, as represented by the Honourable Augustus and his elegant sisters, the Honourable Katherine and Priscilla Appleby, chaperoned by their married sister, Lady Bradbury. A few seconds more and the Chadburns were joined by the party whose appearance evidently afforded great pleasure to her ladyship. Poor Lucy found herself enclosed in a kind of silken net, as the ladies drew her into their circle; and she was at the same time unpleasantly conscious of being an object of particular interest to their brother, whom Cyril invariably called Gus, on the strength of a college friendship. This gentleman was Lucy's aversion among masculine humanity, though he had a handsome person, attractive manners, and the reputation of a wit in his own circle; if not decidedly clever, he was largely endowed with the superficial brilliancy that so often passes current for the sterling article. Lucy Chadburn had found favour in the eyes of this gentleman; her ambitious brother was pleased with the discovery, as it seemed to promise a suitable settlement for his sister. But the Honourable Augustus made no progress with the lady, even though his personal advantages were assisted by the most fertile resources of art in the production of unexceptionable cravats and perfectly-fitting gloves. Lucy, as I have said, disliked the gentleman, and scarcely disguised the feeling with which he impressed her. His three sisters all belonged to the same type, handsome and showy; they might have been declined like an adjective in the three degrees of comparison, commencing with the blooming young matron, Lady Bradbury, and ending with the youngest, Priscilla, whose chief beauty was a pair of remarkably fine dark eyes and a set of even, pearl-white teeth, which she was fond of showing.

There was the usual interchange of well-bred courtesies, with the appropriate seasoning of prettily-turned sentences, and the inevitable small-talk, which on that occasion had, perhaps, a racier flavour, for the Honourable Augustus always made a point of saying some of his wittiest things for the edification of Miss Chadburn. The party were thus engaged when an incident occurred that materially changed the programme of the day for several of its members, most of all for Cyril Chadburn. This was the appearance of Bessie Grant.

From that moment the Honourable Katherine might wreath her ripe red lips in useless smiles, and play off her battery of feminine charms with little result. Cyril had found the one star which he had been longing to meet in that galaxy of beauty.

He noted with pride the admiration she was

attracting, being evidently looked upon as the belle of the assemblage; her beauty and queenly grace throwing into the shade even the noble ladies who had honoured the company with their presence.

Cyril also noted the attentions which Gerald Darley was paying her, and wondered who the handsome stranger could be. His brows gathered into a frown as the thought flashed through his mind, "Perhaps he is a suitor for her hand." He at once decided that he must lose no time if he intended winning the miser's heiress.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOGETHER.

YIELDING to the influence of the scene, and his increasing pleasure in Bessie Grant's society, the usually unimpressible Gerald was insensibly drifting into something that altered the intonation of his voice, and gave indescribable softness to his manner.

Bessie was struck with the change, and decided that he had wonderfully improved since his last visit. She had never found Gerald's society half so delightful as she did that day. He seemed to throw himself so thoroughly into the enjoyment of the passing hour, sparkling on the surface in light brilliant talk that showed him under a new aspect, very different to the thoughtful student who had seemed to have no interest beyond his profession and the mastering of the science to which he was devoting his career. Gerald could scarcely understand himself—that he, who had been accustomed to regard feminine society as something of an infliction, should now be exerting all his powers in the task of pleasing a listener belonging to the objectionable sex, against whom he had hitherto kept himself on the defensive. Yet so it was, he went on paying delicately-turned compliments to the fair girl at his side as readily as if it was nothing new from him.

Bessie smiled and blushed as she listened, now and then giving him shy, surprised glances out of her great brown eyes, her colour coming and going with such charming uncertainty that Gerald found himself watching for the variations, and doing his best to produce the effect which he found so fascinating.

In the meantime Lewis Darley had developed an odd fancy for stopping at unexpected intervals, and perversely lingering behind in a manner that kept the young people constantly in advance. Whether this was the result of accident or design was only known to the old man himself. It was evident that he was in a high state of satisfaction with himself and every one about him, and for the time seemed to have lost all identity with the misanthropical recluse of Abbey House. If Philis could have improved the occasion, she would have found it a favourable moment in which to present her housekeeping accounts.

"Uncle Lewis takes great interest in the plants,"

remarked Gerald, glancing towards the old man, who had stopped to examine some ferns.

Bessie's eyes followed the direction of his, her look lingering fondly on the slightly-bent figure, with the venerable white head thrown out in marked contrast with the gay throng that surrounded him.

"Dear uncle!" she said, softly, "it seems as great a treat to him as to me; I am so glad to see that he enjoys it!"

"You were both sadly in need of change," commented Gerald, "for you are such a pair of recluses in that old house, which, I must confess, is dismal enough to bring on a fit of hypochondriacism."

"Gerald, I will not have the old house abused, even by you. Remember, I have lived my life there, and I have learned to love the dear old place."

The young man was glad to have provoked the retort, if only for the pleasure of hearing her defend her home, and catching the play of expression which it gave to the sweet face. It was like new light thrown upon a picture.

He laughed and replied, "Forgive me, Miss Bessie, and take my word that, for your sake, Abbey House shall have all due respect from me. I know that it could be made as bright and cheerful as the prettiest modern villa that we could find, if the old man would only try to overcome his dislike to society; and yet I ought not to complain."

This was added with an emphasis on the pronoun and a glance that for the moment painted a richer dye upon her velvet cheeks, as he repeated, "I say I ought not to complain of the present style of things, since it secures me the chance of having my little cousin to myself when I come to Abbey House."

While Gerald Darley was thus successfully exercising his powers of pleasing, Cyril Chadburn had cleverly contrived to get rid of the Honourable Katherine, and was in the act of deserting his party, which Lady Chadburn's quick eyes detected. She recalled him by saying in an undertone, "Cyril, can you tell me who are that young lady and gentleman who seem to be attracting so much attention?"

As she spoke, her glance indicated the two whom she observed her son was intently watching.

He replied, in the same low tone, "The gentleman is a stranger to me, but that lady is Miss Grant, Lewis Darley's adopted daughter and heiress."

"What, do you mean to tell me that young lady is the adopted daughter of the eccentric old gentleman living at Abbey House?"

"Yes, mother, and there he is—that little, white-haired old man—the richest gentleman in the county; and, I am sorry to say, owner of the greater portion of the Chadburn lands."

"Bless me, Cyril, I believe he is looking at you!"

"Very likely, mother, for we are acquainted."

"Indeed."

"Yes; when I am playing for a purpose, mother,

I never overlook anything that assists to gain it. That young lady is a prize in the matrimonial market."

"Why, surely, Cyril, you would never premeditate——"

He interrupted her—"Yes, mother, I do premeditate trying to win it."

There was a surprised arching of her ladyship's brows, and a slightly scornful curl of her lip, as she raised her gold eye-glasses and surveyed the lady in question. Cyril watched his mother, with a peculiar expression on his face. She turned, caught it, and at once realised how utterly useless would be any opposition to his will.

The ambitious mother had fixed upon another lady whom she thought fitter for the honour of becoming her son's wife, and the future mistress of Chadburn Court; and she was not the woman to succumb to difficulties, or be easily turned from any object on which she had set her heart. It was there that the characters of mother and son were identical. Cyril's obstinacy and indomitable resolution might win in the end; but her ladyship would not yield without a struggle, unless he could succeed in impressing her with his own idea of the advantage to be reaped from the union which he had proposed for himself.

She was only biding her time when she answered quietly, "Well, I suppose you know best, Cyril, and may be trusted to preserve the family honour."

He smiled, as he replied, "Yes, mother, and trusted also to take care that it is not barren honour. There is the old estate to win back—I have no love for an impoverished inheritance; and now, mother, I must ask you to excuse me for a short time." He bowed to the rest with his accustomed courtesy, and turned away, leaving the party to dispose of themselves as they pleased. As he passed the Honourable Augustus Appleby, he said, "I will leave my mother and sister in your charge, Gus, for a few minutes."

The gentleman smilingly accepted the charge. He was still diligently trying to win golden opinions from Miss Chadburn, the only drawback being the presence of his sister Priscilla, who, to his annoyance and Lucy's secret relief, would persist in remaining a third at their tête-à-tête.

The Honourable Katherine, piqued at Cyril's desertion, had joined Lady Bradbury, and her husband Sir Thomas, who was some years older than his wife, to whom he was devoted. The baronet was stout and easy tempered, with a passion for field-sports and a weakness for good dinners. They were walking a little in advance of the rest of the party.

Gerald Darley and his fair companion were still engaged in the conversation, which seemed to afford mutual interest for both, when they were suddenly surprised to hear a voice close behind them exclaim, "I am glad to see you here, Mr. Darley; the show bids fair to be quite a success."

Gerald turned, and saw a tall, fashionable-looking gentleman shaking hands with his uncle.

Bessie at once recognised him and said, "I did not expect the pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Chadburn; you must let me thank you for the tickets."

Cyril smiled and bowed, conscious of a strange thrill of pleasure, as his fingers touched the delicately-gloved hand that was graciously extended to him, and he murmured, in a tone the full meaning of which was only intended for Bessie, "And allow me to thank you, for the honour conferred upon me by their acceptance."

After his introduction to Gerald Darley, Cyril

adroitly managed to secure Bessie to himself by saying, "I believe you are something of a botanist, Miss Grant; by-the-bye, have you seen the cactus from Chadburn Court? I think the flowers are exquisite."

As none of the party had seen it, and Cyril petitioned to be allowed the pleasure of pointing it out to them, they passed on, the gentleman retaining the place he had secured by Bessie's side, much to the disappointment of Gerald Darley and the chagrin and uneasiness of the old man, who had taken alarm at this unexpected appropriation of Bessie by Cyril Chadburn.

(To be continued.)

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE HEART.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A., VICAR OF CLERKENWELL.

"Turn in, my mind, wander not abroad;
There's work enough at home."

IN a former paper on "Illustrations of the Soul," I introduced a series of "Emblems" from the quaint writings of Francis Quarles. In this paper I propose to glean a few thoughts from the same writer on the subject of "the Heart." The Soul of man is man's spirit—that which constitutes him an immortal being. The "heart" is the emotional part of man, the seat of the feelings and affections, of the likes and dislikes, of the temperaments and dispositions. The soul is the life, the heart is the will; the soul is the arrow, the heart imparts the aim; the soul is the ship, the heart is the helm; the soul supplies the force, the heart directs and uses it; the soul is the person, the heart is the *character* of the person. The heart is the secret chamber of the soul—the inner shrine of the temple of the body. It is the home of the thoughts and intents of man; sometimes the hiding-place of thoughts we would be ashamed to tell, but all of which are known to God, for he is the Searcher of the hearts of men. "Schola Cordis"—the "School of the Heart;" such is the title of one large section of Quarles's "Emblems." It means that the heart must be sent to school; has many lessons to learn, much discipline to be taught, many imperfections to correct, and much self-knowledge to attain. We shall make a selection from the copious illustrations of this all-important subject, and submit them to our readers for their edification and instruction. It is a rich vein of Christian truth and of sound doctrine. Among the number are such as the following:—

The Vanity of the Heart.—Here is the heart of man represented as a treasure-house of baubles and vanities and toys, with a large variety of

which it is filled. The soul, with outstretched hands, holds up the heart, "with hands and heart lift up," for contemplation of its glories. A little "imp" applies a common bellows to the contents of this vain store, and, lo! a fire is kindled within, and on the escaping flames the "fooleries" of the heart are blown to the winds of heaven—crowns, sceptres, trumpets, flags, balls, jewels, feathers, fans, trinkets, and all manner of vanities. The "transparent thinness" of the heart itself is too weak to hold all these, and they are thus exploded to the wind, and all their substance proved to be lighter than vanity itself; its gold but grief, its sceptre sorrow, its "pearls" but "perils" to the soul, and those round balls but "slippery globes," the gain of which would be but loss, if bartered for the soul that never dies. "Let not him that is deceived trust in vanity: for vanity shall be his recompence" (Job xv. 31).

The Oppression of the Heart.—The emblem shows the heart surcharged—or, rather, heavily weighted—with its sins and its desires. The carnal appetites of the heart are here exposed—gluttony and drunkenness. Meats are piled, dish upon dish, a profusion of luxuries, while the heart is pressed to the very ground beneath them—"flat beaten to the board;" and above all these, a fiery serpent with a poisoned tail fixes the goblet with its right hand, and in its left holds a wine-cup. The soul sits rejoicing, uplifting its hand to take and enjoy the feast; while on the other side is Christ, with hand uplifted and index-finger pointed toward the better things on high. Beware of these carnal indulgences—meats and drinks; there is death in the wine-cup—"It biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder" (Prov. xxiii. 32). The heart that is surcharged with these things can never rise to the attainment or enjoyment of the better things, the things eternal.

The Covetousness of the Heart.—Ah, how true it is, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also!" And here it is, in the emblem before us: a chest of valuable and costly treasure, gold and silver—"He heapeth up riches." The soul, searching for its heart, stands beside this chest. Christ and Satan are there also—Satan, to hold the heart to earthly pelf; Christ, to give the heart its full release for higher and nobler things, as indicated in the emblem by the dove, which, with outspread wings, is flying up toward heaven. Alas! the hearts of men are intent on things below—"who mind earthly things." The merchant sends his ship to sea, and his heart goes chartered with it. "Tossed" and "lost" is most likely to be the fate of both. The pedlar's heart is in his pack; the ploughman "sows his heart together with his seed."

"He and his field
Like fruit do yield."

The usurer's heart is in his gain: the miser's in his money-chest. "The same key serves to that and to his breast." The whole moral of the lesson is, "Seek those things which are above" (Col. iii. 1).

The Division of the Heart.—A whole and undivided heart is that which God demands; and this whole and undivided offering man is not prepared to give. Man would make a compromise, if he could—half to the world, and half to God. But this cannot be; not the two masters; not the new piece on the old garment; not the new wine in the old bottles. The heart must be wholly, unreservedly, altogether given to God, or not at all. The emblem represents the "half-hearted" service that some would render unto God. The soul, standing between Christ and the world—but with the world on its right hand—is offering half its heart to each. The world accepts, but Christ refuses. "All or none," are the terms of his demand.

"I made it all, I gave it all to thee;
I gave all that I had for it."

The divided allegiance is just as unacceptable to God as the united service—"Ye cannot serve God and mammon" (Matt. vi. 24).

The Contrition of the Heart.—Some hearts are to be "softened," some "melted," some "new created;" and some must be "bruised," "beaten," "broken," before they are made meet for God. Here is the bruising and the breaking of the heart—a pestle and mortar, and one braying the heart therein. Sometimes in the mortar of an awakened conscience, sometimes under the heavy hand and severe judgments of God, sometimes by "the hammer of the Word," is produced the "broken and the contrite heart"—that heart that is bruised and tortured, until, "shivered to dust," it has no more strength of its old nature left, and not a sherd in which to lodge even a thought of sin.

The Humiliation of the Heart.—A great vice, and screw, and leverage, under the high pressure of which the heart is enclosed; while the soul, prostrate on the ground, is brought low—yea, even to the dust. This represents the heart crushed beneath the heavy press of sorrow and affliction, despairing even of life. This is the discipline that restrains the swellings of the presumptuous soul, and keeps it low, even as a weaned child. In the emblem the pressure is brought to bear upon the heart by the hand of Christ himself. The heart understands the "needs be" for this, and meekly bears it, and even prays for the continuance of the goodly discipline—

"Slack not Thy hand, Lord, turn Thy screw about;
If Thy press stand, my heart may chance slip out."

The Giving of the Heart.—The soul presents its offering, and its offering is the heart. Christ stands, holding a mirror before him as a breast-plate. In the open face of this mirror is the heart presented—first, for inquiry and inspection; and then, for an offering of love. "My son, give me thine heart." In holding up the heart thus, not only is the heart itself reflected, but the wounded hands and feet of Jesus are represented also; and from the corrupt heart new wounds are imprinted there.

"Would'st Thou inspect the heart? Lord, look at mine;
And let the sight imprint new wounds on Thine."

And such an offering must be one of fear and love together—"Thee alone to fear, and thee alone to love." And although the heart is not meet to be offered, nor fit for full acceptance, yet the offering must be made—"Lord, take it; here it is."

The Sacrifice of the Heart.—Here is an altar built, and a censer thereon, and incense therein, and fire and smoke ascending up to heaven. At the one side of the altar is the soul, kneeling while it offers its sacrifice; at the other side is Christ, graciously accepting the oblation, and the fire between represents the acceptable service. It is not a sin-offering—that is not for man to offer, being already offered, once for all, in Christ; but it is a "peace-offering," and a "sacrifice of thanksgiving." "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit" (Ps. li. 17).

The Weighing of the Heart.—Christ holding the scales of the sanctuary—"The Lord pondereth the heart" (Prov. xxi. 2). In the one side of the balance is the heart; and in the other is the law of God. It is not enough that the heart be circumcised and bruised, it must also be "weighed." And in the weighing the law is heavy, and bears down the beam. The heart is light, because it is empty of all good. It needs the ballasting of goodly principles. It wants integrity, sincerity, humility, and constancy. Then who is sufficient for such a test as this? Where is the heart that is not lighter than God's law, or that can boldly

endure the test of the holy balance? What then? What will bring up the over-weight of the tables of stone?

"Add to My law My Gospel, and there see
My merits thine, and then the scales will equal be."

The Searching of the Heart.—"Who can know it?" Here is the line and plummet, descending deep into the soundings of the heart. That line and plummet must be not our own, but God's; and his hand, not ours, must guide its searchings in the secret depths of the heart of man. There are many influences that tend to disturb those waters, and to affect the accuracy of the plummet-line. There are quicksands, and currents, and tides, and storms, and land-floods with swollen waters, that sway and swerve the line from its proper tendency, and lodge the plummet on false soundings. 'Tis God alone who, by his all-knowing mind, and by his unerring hand, can guide and direct that line, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts" (Ps. cxxxix. 23).

The Levelling of the Heart.—The heart of man is, by nature, "not right with God." If the plumb and level be applied, it will be found how far the heart has departed from original righteousness and from God. This emblem represents the adjustment of the proper level. The soul at one side, and Christ at the other, and two hearts between—that is, the heart of Christ and the heart of man; the "level" is being applied, so as to ascertain the measure of conformity of the heart of man to God. For this purpose the human heart must first of all be set "upright." It is then measured with the "will" of God. This is the standard, and to this the heart of man must be conformed. Man's heart, by nature, leans askant; it turns aside; it seeks its own will and its own pleasure. The "levelling" is in order to bring it to this better state of mind—"Thy will be done." Till then, all is contrariety and contradiction between man and God. We would seek wealth; he gives poverty. We would desire luxury and pleasure; he gives grief and sorrow. We would pursue ambition; he brings us low. Through such a discipline as this does God oftentimes lead his children, until their heart is right with his heart.

The Renewing of the Heart.—Man is ever seeking after novelties and new things. Suppose, then, he were to seek after a new heart, above all things. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me" (Ps. li. 10). It is the gracious promise of God that he will do this (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). And this new heart that God bestows is one that is to be "both kept and given;" we keep it ourselves, right jealously and carefully, and yet we also give it unto God. The new heart is ever burning with the flame of love

within, and yet it is unconsumed. "Buried in seas of sorrows," it will not be drowned. It sits loose to things of earth, and nestles not in anything below; ever "ready to depart"—

"As though it meant
To breakfast only here,
And dine elsewhere."

It is a "lively, spiritly heart;" not of stone, but of flesh; not dead, but alive; with motives and impulses that are themselves of God, and that conduct to God.

The Tilling of the Heart.—A new series of illustrations follows on here, taken from the labours of the field, and from the tilling of the soil—the soul-gardening process. Before the harvest there must needs be many preliminaries. Before the reaping is the ripening; before the ripening is the planting; and before the planting is the tilling. Here the heart is the field of operation; in it is the seed sown, and from it is the increase to grow and to be gathered. The plough that digs up this hard and fallow ground is here said to be "the cross" of Jesus—"Mine heart's a field, thy cross a plough." In this field are the powers and resources of the "will" and the "affections," which can only spawn forth weeds and tares, unless the "Great Husbandman" should intervene with his good husbandry. "Showers of repentant tears" must steep the soul, and moisten it for the sowing of the seed. The plough must furrow up that soil, uproot the weeds, and break the heavy clods. God speed that plough! And there are many ploughs—"My guilt, thy wrath, thy rods," that is, our own conscience, or God's anger, or else his chastisements. But best of all ploughs for the "tilling of the heart" is the agony and death of Jesus. As our author quaintly puts it—

"But, Lord, Thy blessed passion
Is a plough of another fashion,
Better than all the rest.
Oh, fasten me to that!"

And thus, after describing the "Seeding of the Heart," and the "Watering of the Heart," we come to the emblem of

The Flowers of the Heart.—Here is the produce of the spiritual soil, the heart, and all its spiritual fruit and increase, offered as an offering to God.

"These lilies, raised from seed which Thou didst sow,
I give Thee, with the soil in which they grow!"

Every well-tilled and cultivated field has its produce to yield up to him that owns it; and so the heart of man. These are the graces of the Christian; the "signs following," the works that prove a living faith—flowers, with their many colours, emblems of purity and innocence and grace; and with their pleasant taste suggestive of honey and the honeycomb, and all the noontide sweets of the garden of the Lord; and with their



(Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.)

"A quaint old fishing-town nooked underneath
Steep, sterile hills"—p. 91.

scented perfumes, rising high and spreading far, as incense to the Highest.

"Faith is a fruitful grace;
Well planted, stores the place,
Fills all the borders, beds, and bowers
With wholesome herbs and pleasant flowers.
Great Gardener! Thou sayest, and I believe,
What Thou dost mean to gather 'Thou wilt give.
Take, then, mine heart in hand, to fill't,
And it shall yield Thee what Thou wilt.
Yes, Thou, by gath'ring more,
Shalt still increase my store."

The Wounding of the Heart.—Christ is the archer; the heart the object aimed at. "He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow" (Lam. iii. 12). The shafts of this quiver, although they wound, yet also do they heal, for their sharp points are tipped with spiritual salve for the soul. There is the arrow of God's "piercing eye"—the all-seeing eye, which itself bringeth its own light with it, when it penetrates into the dark places of the soul. There is the arrow of God's "sharp-pointed power"—the all-subduing power that overcomes the soul, "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ" (2 Cor. x. 5). And there is also the arrow of God's "love," that love that "first loved us," and which now demands the full return of our heart's love to him. In a word, so many are these arrows, and so sure the Archer's aim, the heart is all "one wound;" and thence the soul draws forth once more, and, "in requital," shoots all the arrows back again,

"By prayers and praises, sighs and sobs,
By vows and tears, by groans and throbs."

Indeed, as God has exhausted all his arrows upon us for our good, so ought we to exhaust ourselves, to spend and be spent, in our attempt to render to the Lord for all his mercies.

"Shoot Thou Thyself Thy polished shaft to me,
And I will shoot my broken heart to Thee."

The Inhabiting of the Heart.—The temple of the body is to be God's earthly dwelling-place; and the heart is the innermost shrine of that temple, wherein dwelleth the Spirit of our God. Therefore, "Mine heart's an house," saith our emblem. But whose house is it? Who dwelleth therein? We have before us the soul's invitation to come and dwell within the heart—"There's room enough." It is God's own building; he hath made it, and by right of creation it is his. But God is absent from the natural heart, the heart that is carnal and unregenerate. Unfurnished by the grace of the Spirit, it is unfitted for the habitation of the Spirit.

"The windows all are stopt, or broken so,
That no light without mind can thorough go.
The roof's uncover'd, and the wall's decay'd,
The door's flung off the hooks, the floor's unlay'd."

Such is the heart by nature; but, renewed by

grace, and furnished for the reception of the King, it becomes indeed a palace—"An habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. ii. 22).

The Union of the Heart.—This means the union of the heart of man with the heart of Jesus; and the emblem represents the binding of the twain together with the cords of love—"Like-minded minds!"

"Love's great cable,
Tying two hearts, makes them inseparable."

And this is the result, in the union of the heart with Jesus—both are henceforth one. The binding power is love: it is the "loadstone," the "glue," the "cement," the "solder." It is as the union of the graft with the tree, knitted to the new source of life and fruitfulness, one in name and nature—"Ye in me and I in you;" or, as in the words of the prophet—"I will give them one heart" (Ezek. xi. 19). And whether we are in Christ, or Christ in us, is of no consequence; for we are verily and truly one, each with the other.

"Then let Thine heart united be to mine,
And mine to Thine,
In a firm union, whereby
We may no more be Thou and I,
Or I and Thou,
But both the same"

The Rest of the Heart.—"For so he giveth his beloved sleep." There is a time or rest—the Sabbath of the Heart. The heart, now stirred and stirring, troubled and busy about many things, shall have its quiet rest and resting-place. It hath tried the treasures of the world, "great and small;" has exhausted the whole "inventory" of its joys; and yet no rest. It was only "vanity and vexation of spirit." In Christ alone is rest. He is the true "foundation" on which alone the superstructure can be raised; he the "centre," to which all lines converge, and round which all circles gather; he the "anchor," that gives rest and safety to the ship. So rest, my soul! *In Jesu quies.*

And, now, what other lessons shall we learn in the "school of the heart?" Many more, no doubt, remain; but space fails us in our attempt to learn and grasp them all. Let us learn well these lessons we have already gathered; let these suggest many more of like character and style; and, methinks, we shall find that we have not been to the "school of the heart" in vain. The concluding words of this paper must be in the language of our author—

"Then here I rest;
And, though I look not to have leave to play
(For that this school allows not), yet I may,
Another time, perhaps, if they approve
Of these, such as they are,
Add other lessons more of the like sort."

A SEA-PIECE.



QUAINT old fishing-town nooked underneath

Steep, sterile hills; a breadth of bay before,

Backed by a broad blue stretch of barren heath,

That fades away in misty distance hoar.

Small coasting craft, each with its one white wing

Woofing the warm airs of the autumn day,

Cleave the near waters; while far out a string

Of fishing-smacks tack inward to the bay.

Boats oddly grouped, and boats in ordered rows,

All idly rocking by the water's eidge,

Stud the long line of piers. The lighthouse shows

A tall white pillar on the outer ledge

Of the grey rocks beyond; while overhead

Float fleecy clouds, warm-rimmed with blue and red,

JAMES DAWSON, JUN.

WITHIN THE WALLS.

A VISIT TO A COUNTRY GAOL.



LONG pull and a strong pull at the

heavy bell of the prison gate admitted

us forthwith, shortly before noon on

a mild April morning, within the

precincts of the building it was our

intention to visit. We were received on entering

by the governor and the chaplain, and, preceded

by a warder bearing a bunch of ponderous keys,

we began our perambulations.

There are, we imagine, few persons who could

enter within prison doors, and feel themselves

to be breathing a prison atmosphere, without a

certain sense of shrinking and awe, difficult to define

but easily accounted for; and we can hardly wonder

that curiosity and compassion, indignation and

sorrow, should contend within us as we pass along

the stone walls and iron bars which hold captive

our criminal population. We can but acknowledge

the offender's doom to be a just one; for in this

free country—although happily not yet so free as

to confound liberty with license—no man is guilty

in the eye of the law until, after due and careful

investigation of the charge laid against him, he

is pronounced so by twelve of his fellow-men.

This fair and open trial constitutes, says Junius,

the palladium of English liberty. But when

once the sentence is gone forth the brand of Cain

is on the delinquent; the amount or nature of his

crime is of comparatively little moment, and the

effects of the sentence on his future career

remain long after the correction it inflicts has

ceased. The man's character is gone, judicial

authority, having interpreted the laws of his

country in their integrity, and pronounced him

guilty. We hardly realise the full force of this

as we gaze from a safe distance at our gaol towers

and high walls, scattered over the length and

breadth of the land, but once let us stand face to

face with the man whom we know to be a thief

or a murderer, and the reality of his fearful

position comes home to our mind. It seems

to us, as we gaze on the sullen brow, the evil

eye, the hopelessly dogged, depraved look of the

criminal, as if no ray of hope could ever again
brighten his face. Yet rays of sunlight do pene-
trate even into darkest corners.

The officers of such institutions as we are speak-
ing of are, many of them, men in whose hearts
mercy is not extinct, and who would fain inter-
pret the decrees of justice in the mildest spirit
compatible with a conscientious discharge of their
duties. Not that it is always so, but certain it is,
on the occasion we refer to, that in the genial, kindly
manner of the governor, and the evident interest
which both he and the chaplain took in the pri-
soners, we could not fail to discern much of that
superiority which can temper chastisement with
humanity, and give to power the dignity of for-
bearance. True it was that the warder who car-
ried the keys and locked and unlocked the cell
doors with mechanical precision, had a certain
martial air and stern look, and that the ringing
sharpness with which he bade one of the prisoners
"stand up!" sounded harshly in our untutored
ears, but he was a soldier, and, as he told us, had
been twenty-one years in his present capacity,
so that we could hardly wonder at the severity of
tone and manner.

"Twenty years and more have I been in this
place," he said; "and in this refectory have I
watched often, in total obscurity, the only keeper
present amongst some thirty prisoners, when,
under cover of the darkness, they have often suc-
ceeded, in spite of my vigilance, in stealing one
another's dinners."

Why in those days no light was allowed during
meal-time, and whether from motives of economy
or discipline, it is hard to say. After passing
through various courts, in which the prisoners
were taking their morning exercise, we entered the
chapel, which is about as ugly and eccentric a build-
ing as can be imagined. What the apartment had
originally been designed for we could not tell. To
our eyes it appeared to consist of a deep pit, which
we can only liken to the compartment reserved for
ladies not peeresses in the House of Lords, where

to see is difficult, and where the effort to hear is oral torture. This pit or pen is set apart for the women, and it certainly does possess one advantage over the compartment in Westminster—namely, that the pulpit, being immediately above it, hearing is easy. Sloping upwards above this pen are the rows of benches intended for the men, whilst two or three bull's-eye windows complete the detail of this singularly unprepossessing place of worship.

From the chapel we proceeded to visit the various cells, the workers at the treadmill, the bakehouse, where one of the best-behaved criminals was busily engaged helping the baker, and the exercising grounds, or rather courts. In one of these latter were two youths walking round and round with downcast looks and shuffling gait. They were awaiting their trial, and under the circumstances are allowed certain privileges not accorded to other prisoners. In another court we came suddenly upon a solitary man, who raised his hat to us as he walked slowly by. He was a dark, handsome, Jewish-looking man, with a decided dignity of manner. We were informed who he was, and that a notification for his release had just arrived; the Government order to ratify this was expected in a day or two, a petition having been got up in his favour by those who believed the verdict a mistake, and having been granted by the Home Secretary.

The female prisoners next claimed our attention. They are placed in what was the county gaol to the beginning of this century, when the new one was built. There were only four women in this building at the time of our visit, and as one of the four had been guilty of no greater offence than stealing postage-stamps, we thought it spoke well for the female population of the neighbourhood. In this "dependence" of the larger gaol we had ample opportunity of studying everything belonging to the old school of prison life. The cells of the last century are in some respects more comfortable than the modern ones. The floors are of wood, not of stone, as in the newer edifice, and are warmed by hot-water pipes. The prisoners' beds are also of wood, and some of them resemble

large troughs. The garrets and attics of the house are divided into small compartments, and being reserved for the most refractory criminals, have no heating apparatus, and have only a small aperture cut in the door to let in light and air. These cells are close to the roof, and must be fearfully cold in winter, and equally hot in summer. Fortunately they were unoccupied when we saw them, and it is to be hoped will long remain so. The atmosphere around them was close, and the proximity of the ceiling oppressive; and we breathed more freely as we emerged into the open air and shared in the governor's enthusiasm for his garden and his flowers. The high prison walls were thickly covered with fruit trees, and the golden tassels of the laburnum trailed against one of them looked bright and beautiful in the meridian sunlight. Strange, that the beauty of nature, irrepressible even in the most melancholy spots, should have been growing and blooming for so long under the same sky, and in contrast with the hideousness of human crime! As we walked through the garden we came to a large apple-tree. "I planted that tree myself," said the governor; "it was a fancy of mine. I planted it some twenty years ago, on the very spot where a young girl of seventeen was hung for poisoning her husband." We did think it a strange fancy of our conductor, and perhaps he read our thoughts in our looks of inquiry, for he continued: "I did not think her guilty, for she was, in my opinion, decidedly insane. She poisoned him for no other reason than because she disliked matrimony and wished to return to her friends. I remember that she was in a terrible state of excitement shortly before her execution. I reasoned with her, and endeavoured to inspire her with courage to meet her fate. 'Katherine,' I said, 'be calm;' and after a while I succeeded in soothing her into submission. She became quiet; then roused herself to appear indifferent to all around her, and finally marched away to her death, with marvellous determination and heroism."

And now the tree only remains as a monument of the misery and crime of twenty long years ago. So wears the world away.

WILD ARUM.



O come here and look at the curious plant I have found, Emily!" exclaimed Charles. "I wonder if this club-shaped column, cased in green, can be a blossom."

"Let us ask Mary; here she comes."

"It is the only flower it bears," replied their cousin; "but if you observe closely you will see stamens and pistils of a deep violet colour round the column."

"It reminds me," remarked Emily, "of mamma's large white Arum lily—at least in shape."

"Very likely, for this plant is called wild Arum; it is rare in some counties, but abundant where the soil is suitable, and birds make quite a feast of the rich orange berries which cluster round the stem in winter. When I was a little girl I used to dig up the roots to make starch."

"Starch, Mary! do tell how you made it."

"I grated the tubers into water, then poured the liquid off and dried the sediment."

"How did you think of such a thing?"

"I had read that in Queen Elizabeth's reign, before the Dutch came over and taught English ladies a better mode, this plant was used for stiffening the great ruffs which were then worn, but I believe it irritated the hands of the laundresses. Many a pleasant ramble I had in search of Arum roots for this purpose, and met one adventure which I shall never forget."

"Oh, please tell us about it."

"At a short distance from my father's house was a fine old demesne, where we all loved to wander amongst stately groups of ancient trees, shady plantings, and lonely grass-grown paths; and as to wild flowers, I have never seen them in such luxuriance or variety elsewhere. For many years the gentleman to whom the place belonged had resided abroad, and consequently the old house, being so long uninhabited, fell into a state of ruin. However, a handsome new mansion had lately been erected at the other side of the demesne, and just before my story commences we heard of the arrival of some members of the family. Sad news to me, for I was forbidden by my parents to enter the dear old place any more, or even to pay a parting visit to my favourite haunts. "It was about that time I had been reading accounts of the starch-producing qualities of the wild Arum, and was most desirous of procuring roots to experiment upon. Accordingly, one fine day I set out with my little Cousin Harry, who was staying with us, for a ramble in the fields in quest of plants. On the way, I endeavoured to describe the dark, green, arrow-shaped leaves, in order that he might assist me, but although we walked a long time the search was quite unsuccessful; and yet I remembered having seen such quantities the year before in the old demesne.

"I do not know how it happened—certainly I could not have been sufficiently careful in avoiding temptation—but we soon found ourselves walking in a pretty green lane, at one side of which was the well-known demesne wall.

"Harry ran across to peep over, and soon I heard loud exclamations of 'Mary, Mary! I am sure these are the very leaves you are looking for. They are dark green and shining. Do come and see.'

"Answering the call, I found the child leaning over the broken wall, and gazing into the forbidden ground.

"'Could you climb in and get some, Harry?' I asked, 'for mamma does not wish me to cross.'

"'Oh yes, easily,' he replied, and immediately commenced scrambling over; but on reaching the other side a loose stone fell from the top, and hurt his foot so much that he sat down and began to cry.

"Acting on the impulse of the moment I followed, and taking the little fellow in my arms, strove to pacify him.

"When the pain had sufficiently decreased, he said, 'Now, Mary, that you are here, you may as well dig up the roots yourself, for I'm sure they're too deep for me.'

"I was of the same opinion. So taking the trowel we had brought, proceeded to the bank of Arum, and after much labour managed to secure several fine plants. Harry stood beside me while I worked, chatting gaily.

"'What a nice pretty place, Mary; I should so like to run about and play here. Do please come on a bit, and let me have a good look at everything. What are those walls I see far away, beyond the trees?'

"'The old house, Harry. It is nearly a ruin; but you would delight in climbing up the stairs, and poking into every nook and corner.'

"'And may we not go to it?'

"'No, dear; my papa and mamma told me I must not walk here now.'

"'What a pity! But when you *did* come in, would it be any greater harm to show me the old house? I do so like climbing about in strange places.'

"'Well, then, come along quickly, and we can get out by the great gate at the other side. It will be the shortest way home after all, now that we have gone so far.'

"'Give me some of those plants to carry, Mary; you have so many, they must be very heavy.'

"'No; but I will tear off the leaves,' I replied, 'for it is only the roots that are of use.' And as we hurried on I strewed our path with the dark green foliage of the wild Arum.

"Soon we entered a thick planting, and therefore did not observe that the sky was gradually darkening, and the wind rising; but on emerging into the clear space beyond, found that heavy drops of rain were already falling.

"'Let us make for the old house at once,' I exclaimed; but there was a wide space to cross before we could gain its sheltering walls, and the storm increased to such a degree that it was difficult to keep our feet, also several loud claps of thunder pealed overhead, causing us to redouble our efforts. Just as we reached the ruin there was a temporary lull, whilst the rain came down with redoubled force.

"'What shall we do?' said poor little Harry, 'the wet seems to pour through the roof everywhere.'

"'There is one room still safe,' I answered; 'let us go up these stone steps.'

"The front wall of the building was almost gone, so that we could see a long flight of broken stairs leading to the upper rooms, which, having ascended, we passed through a small ante-chamber, and reached

a gloomy though spacious apartment, where at length we found shelter from both wind and rain.

"True, the window-frames had mouldered from their places, leaving large ghastly vacancies; but as the storm did not beat in that direction it was of no consequence, and we sat down on the half-decayed floor in the furthest corner of the room. It was cold and dreary; but thinking the weather would soon improve we tried to keep up our spirits. I amused my little cousin as well as I could; but by degrees we grew silent and solemn, as the storm rose higher, and howled more dismally amongst the long corridors and roofless walls.

"Harry clung to my side, trembling. 'Why did you bring me here, Mary? The house will fall, and we shall be buried alive. Oh! come away, it would be better to get well wet outside.'

"Feeling that he was right, I took his hand that we might descend together, when just as we were carefully picking our steps amongst the broken boards of the adjoining room, there was a loud crash, and the whole structure shook beneath our feet. Throwing ourselves on the floor in terror, we supposed our last moments were come; but the frightful sound soon ceased, and nothing was heard again but the roar of the wind.

"After a time I found voice to say, 'Some part of the building must have fallen. Come on, Harry, the sooner we are out of it the better.'

"I raised and led him to the head of the stairs, or rather to where they had been, for there was not a vestige remaining. One of the old chimneys had been blown down, and in its fall struck the frail staircase, and both now lay in a shapeless heap beneath.

"At this sight the full horrors of our situation flashed upon my mind; we were prisoners in these dreary old rooms. Oh! why had I suffered myself to be tempted to enter the forbidden grounds? But it was too late to think of that now, when we were caught, as it were, in a stone trap, and must only submit to our fate, whatever it might be.

"'Mary, shall we never get down again? Must we always stay here?'

"Poor little Harry, I had nothing comforting to say to him in reply, and could only take his hand, and lead him back to our old corner in the large room. Then I began to consider our chances of escape, but could find none. It was so unlikely that any one would approach this deserted place, perhaps for days or weeks. True, we should be missed at home, and no doubt searched for too; but my parents would not think it possible I could be found here, after their decided prohibition. What if the entire building should fall in? but even that would be preferable to the slow torments of starvation.

"After a time the fury of the storm abated, and we began to feel secure from present danger. I rose, and taking Harry by the arm, wandered from window to window of our prison, in the hope of

seeing some stray passer-by who might hear us call, but no help was near. Evening was closing fast, and we began to feel hungry. Poor little Harry cried till he was obliged to leave off from very weariness; then I remembered having read that the Arum roots are considered nutritious, and have been frequently utilised by some process as food in times of famine. We tried to eat them, but found the taste acrid and disagreeable.

"I cannot describe how lonely and desolate we felt as night approached. Bats flitted in and out at the great frameless windows, almost brushing our faces with their leathery wings; large moths flapped about the broken cornice, and owls hooted amongst the roofless walls. Darker and darker it grew, and shivering with fright and cold—for the night was chill, and our clothes still damp—we gave up all hope of release till morning, and lying down in our sheltered nook Harry soon forgot all his cares and troubles in the deep sleep of childhood.

"It was such a relief to me to find him quieted that, notwithstanding my anxieties, being much fatigued in mind and body, I soon followed his example—not, however, without lifting up my heart to the God whom I had justly offended, and begging forgiveness and protection through the night; for I knew that even in this desolate position, cut off from all human aid, his eye could see us still, and his helping arm could bring relief.

"The sun was high in the heavens when we awoke, weary and unrefreshed on the following morning; however, when we observed all Nature look so bright and cheerful, and heard the joyous notes of the birds singing in the adjacent trees, hope revived within us. Harry stationed himself at a window, whilst I took my post on the landing, above where the staircase had once stood, and for more than an hour we waited and watched, but all in vain. At length I thought I could distinguish a distant murmur of voices borne on the air; then it ceased entirely, and fearing fancy might have played me a trick, I strained my ear to the utmost to catch the sound again. Soon it was repeated; nearer and yet nearer it came, and presently to my infinite joy I beheld, emerging from the thick shade of the planting, my father accompanied by my eldest brother Edward.

"One cry of delight I could not help uttering, which soon brought little Harry to my side, and at the same time attracted my father's attention. When they came sufficiently close to observe and understand our position, Edward was sent to the nearest cottage to borrow a ladder, and my father sitting down during his absence, on the heap of ruin below, listened whilst I told the whole story of my disobedience and our consequent sufferings.

"Then he related how we had been searched for all the previous evening, but it was not until next morning that the path beside the demesne was tried.

It never occurred to any of the party that we had entered the grounds, until Edward observed, at a short distance from the road, a luxuriant bed of wild Arum, of which he knew I was in search, and further on, strewn on the short grass, some scattered leaves of the same plant. Then, it was plain to all that our track was found, and taking as a guide the withered Arum leaves, they arrived at the entrance of the planting, and at Edward's suggestion proceeded to the old house, which he knew to be a favourite haunt of mine, though my father could hardly believe I could have committed so flagrant an act of disobedience.

"However, in the end, we were delivered from our prison, and reaching home in safety, found my mother in a sad state of anxiety on our account. We were both, as may be supposed, very ill from the effects of the wet and cold of that terrible night spent in the ruin; but I trust we also derived some profit from our adventure in search of wild Arum."

S. T. A. R.

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

35. Quote a passage from prophecy of Malachi describing the widespread authority of God among the Gentiles.

36. Amos and Zechariah both mention a natural phenomenon which seems to fix their contemporaneous date. What is it?

37. There are in the Old Testament three instances of miraculous signs being given AFTER the event. Name them.

38. In the genealogy of our Saviour as given in St. Matthew's Gospel, how many women are mentioned?

39. "We see through a glass darkly" (1 Cor. xiii. 12). What is the Old Testament allusion in this passage?

40. The Most High "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." This passage is quoted twice in the Acts of the Apostles. Where?

41. The Ethiopian eunuch (Acts viii. 27) coming to worship at Jerusalem fulfilled a prophecy. Quote it.

42. Name the two persons who recorded the events of the reign of Rehoboam.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 63.

20. Heb. xi. 9.—"By faith he sojourned in the land of promise."

21. We read of it in connection with the struggles of the Israelites with Jabin and Sisera (Judges iv. 7—13); and on its banks Elijah slaughtered Baal's prophets (1 Kings xviii. 40).

22. Acts xvii. 31.—"He hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

23. That in addition to the usual annual observances, "the law should be read before all Israel in their hearing" (Deut. xxxi. 10—13).

24. John vii. 2, 37.

25. See Acts i. 13.

26. Eli fancying that Hannah was drunk. See 1 Sam. i. 13.

27. In the New Testament it is applied to the chief of the devils (Luke xi. 15). In the Old Testament it is applied to the god of Ekron (2 Kings i. 2).

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

BY THE REV. J. HARRIS, M.A., RECTOR OF FAGLESHAM, ESSEX.

FAST night, while glancing to the sky,
Where stars were brightly shining,
I know not why, I heaved a sigh,
As though I were repining.

But while I gazed I breathed a prayer
From out a full heart welling,
That when I died, e'en with them there
Might be my future dwelling.

At once a meteor bright and clear
Seemed from the azure falling,
As though an angel's list'ning ear
Had heard the sound of calling:

And hearing, took the muttered hope
Back to the sky returning;
While I, with Faith's bright telescope,
And heart with love all burning,

Looked still beyond the starry sky,
And there, in glory sitting,
Beheld beneath the throne on high
That messenger most fitting.

Can it then be that angels rove
Throughout the vault of heaven,
And, borne on wings of holy love,
Teach God's glad tidings given?

Or take back from this lower earth
The hopes that sinners cherish?
Then meteors gleaming in their birth,
May fade, but never perish.

'Twixt heaven and earth I hear a sound
Of angels quickly moving,
While meteor stars which shine around
Their diligence are proving.

BIBLE NOTES.

THE PARABLE OF THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS (Luko xvi. 19-31).

AND fared sumptuously every day." We have here an insight into the thoroughly selfish character of this rich man. It was not that occasionally he availed himself of his great riches to indulge in grand festivity; but *every day* he fared sumptuously. In the heading to the chapter which contains the parable this feature of his character is brought out in the name given him—"the rich glutton." He is often spoken of as *Dives*, that being the Latin for a rich man.

"A certain beggar named Lazarus." This is the only parable in which a name is mentioned; and hence some have supposed that it is not merely a parable, but a real history. If it be so, that does not in the least diminish its teaching value as a parable. While the name of the grand and rich man has perished, the name of this poor outcast beggar has been embalmed in nearly every language of Christendom in connection with Christian charity towards the sufferer. A lazarus-house, or lazaretto, is an hospital where the poorest and most suffering are relieved.

"Desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table." These words do not at all imply that these crumbs were not given him. Indeed, the whole story would lead us to believe the contrary, for else why should he continue to be brought there daily if he obtained no food by it? Of course, such fragments remaining from the rich man's meals would have been given to the beggar by the servants, and not by the rich man himself.

"And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried." What a contrast! There is nothing said about the beggar's funeral. It was of a kind to call for no remark. But we are told the rich man "was buried." We can imagine the pomp and ceremony of his funeral. Observe, we are told of what happened after death to the rich man's *body*—for that had been the great object of his care and solicitude while alive; but we are told what happened to the poor man's *soul*—"it was carried to Abraham's bosom," that being the language in which Jews frequently spoke of heaven—the bosom of the father of the faithful.

"And in hell he lifted up his eyes." There are two words in the New Testament which are translated "hell"—*hades* and *gehenna*. The former is really "the invisible state;" that was the hell into which our Lord descended; the latter is the name of a valley outside Jerusalem, into which were cast the

dead bodies of malefactors to be burnt; there the fires blazed perpetually, and worms crawled feeding upon the dead. Hence the name of that valley is used to describe the future condition of the lost.

"Father Abraham." The rich man still seemed to think there was some virtue in being, according to the flesh, a child of Abraham, and that he might have some hope in calling him "father."

"Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivest thy good things." This clearly intimates that we shall have memory in the next world; that we shall be able to look back either in anguish and shame, or else with joy and thanksgiving, at our former life on earth. This it is, the intimate and essential connection between this life and the next, which makes life such a terrible solemn reality to us all. "Thy good things." That is, such good things as you desired; good things for the body, but very bad things for the soul. Not our own good things, but such good things for time and eternity as God, our loving Lord and Master, would give us, let us seek for, and pray for, and strive for.

"Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed."

There had been a great gulf between them upon earth. They had been as far removed from one another as poverty is from wealth,—as foul disease is from the robustness of health; and now there continued, under a great change indeed, still a gulf between them.

"If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." The books of the Old Testament were in a general way considered as divided into the Law and the Prophetical Scriptures, and were thus popularly spoken of as "Moses and the Prophets."

The great mystery of human sorrow and suffering would be inexplicable indeed if this world was the whole of life. But when we know that there is another life, and another world beyond, where all shall be set right at last, we can view all suffering upon earth as part of our spiritual disciplining and training for the larger life beyond. The parable does not tell us that a man will be miserable in the next life because he has been a rich man here, or that every poor man here will be a saint in heaven; but it does show us how it is possible, as it will actually occur in many instances, that the conditions of life here will be reversed hereafter; so that many a man will be able to look back upon what, while here, was the great misery and wretchedness of his life as the chastening from a loving Father's hand to bring him back to that Father and to that Father's home